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VOL. 4. NO. 92.

VANITY FAIR

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1861.

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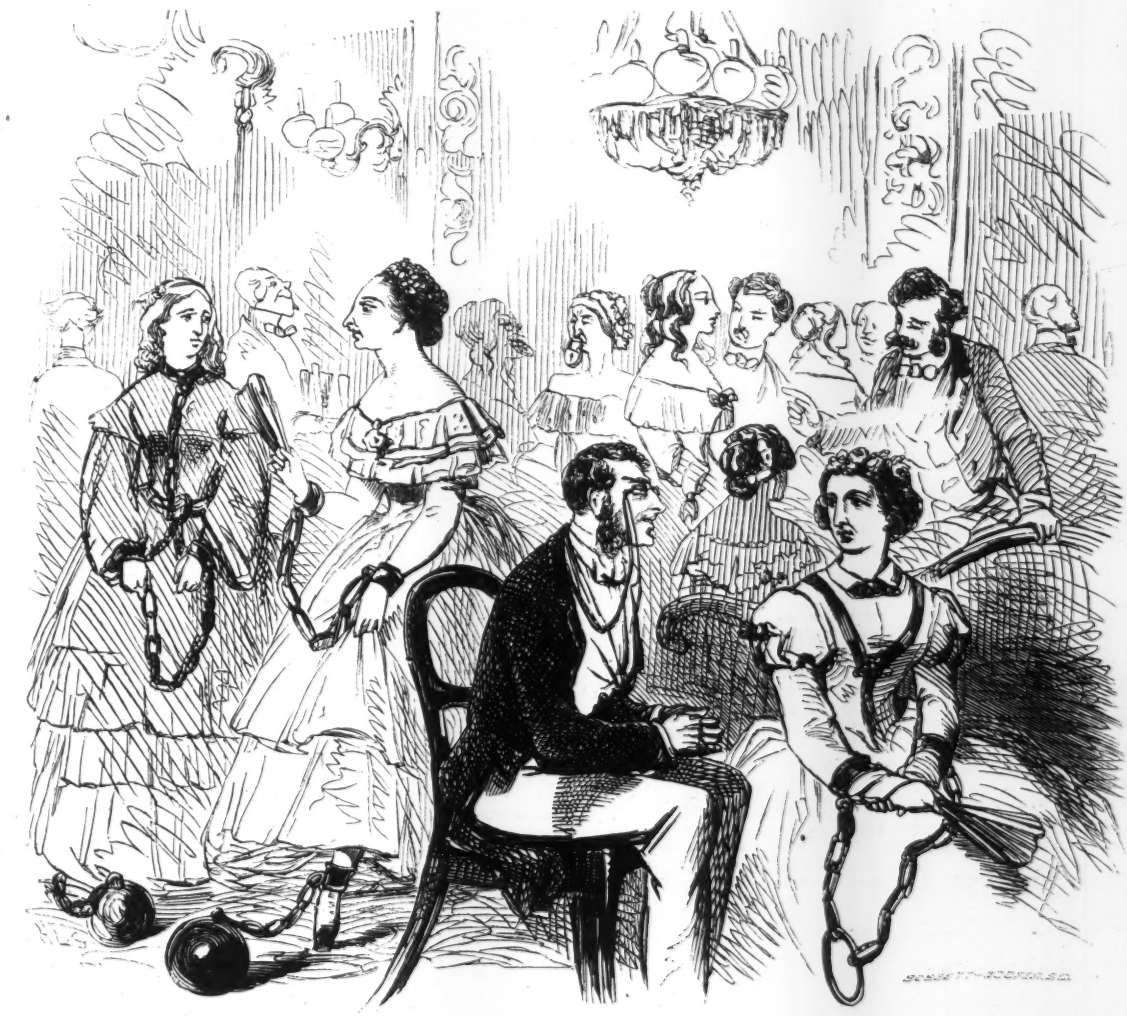

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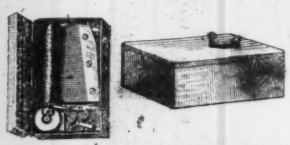

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FOUR PERSONS CURED OF SMALL POX, BY BRANDRETH'S PILLS.

NEWCOMB, ESSEX Co., Sept. 15, 1861.

DOCTOR BENJAMIN BRANDRETH, New York.

DEAR SIR: In our family we have used your excellent Pills for several years, and have found them to be a never failing remedy in mild and severe cases of sickness, but their full value we did not fully appreciat until last Winter, when the Small Pox visited so many families in this and the surrounding towns. I was first attacked, and supposed I had a cold took four Pills and some warm drinks; next day no better, took four more; still no better, and my wife said I should take eight, did so, and then the small-pox began to show itself. On the fifth day I took to bed, and in less than four days I was covered from head to foot with pustules. I continued to use Pills daily and took no other Medicine whatever except your Vegetable Universal Pills. The Pox was less than four days in coming to a head, and in about the same time they dried up. I began to attend some to my stock in about two weeks, but in three weeks I was attending to my regular farming business, having quite recovered my usual health. I took eighty Pills during my sickness, in doses of four to eight Pills, according to effect, being careful to procure two or three evacuations a day. And though covered from head to feet with the disease, yet it has not left a mark upon me, which is one of the benefits said certainly to be secured by the use of Brandreth's Pills. I and my family have found this to be so in our experiences of their effects in this fell disease.

My wife, well known as Aunt Polly, for one hundred miles around us, was attacked with the disease about the time I was getting well over it. From the first she understood it was the small-pox, and prepared herself to combat its virulence by a free use of the Pills. In six days and while confined to her bed, and scarcely able to move from excessive weakness, she used twenty-six pills, or a little over an average of four pills per day. And what was the consequence of this continued purging with Brandreth's Pills? On the Tuesday she was obliged to take to her bed, by Friday the pustules were all filled, and by the following Tuesday she had dressed herself and in one week after was attending to her regular household duties, to the astonishment of all her neighbors. This fact deserves notice: although she was covered with the disease, yet it has left no mark whatever on her skin, which bears no evidence of the awful ordeal it has passed under.

Mrs. Wetherbee, my daughter, her husband, and their only child were all strickened down by the small-pox. Mrs. W. had it light, and only some seven pustules came out. She used 30 pills in 14 days. Alonzo, her husband, had a severe attack, and took the Pills all through it, the number not noted. They both recovered in 14 days from its commencement. Their little boy, Daniel, about 15 months old, had the disease badly; we had little hope to save him. He was covered from head to feet; he was like a huge scab; and for days he lay insensible. We all supposed he would die—that nothing could save him. His bowels had been confined for several days, and my wife said this must be remedied—that perhaps if the boy could be purged he might revive. She read over yours and Dr. Lull's experience, and gave him one Pill crushed in some warm water. The Pill produced no effect, but she was impressed with your remarks upon the necessity and importance of having the bowels purged in small-pox, and in all serious sickness whatever; so she gave him another Pill. Still no effect. She then pounded three Pills, and added warm water, and gave them to the boy at once. Still no effect. There the little sufferer lay without motion, except the rapid breathing and peculiar signs of speedy dissolution evident to all. If he died, it would be said he might have got well had his bowels only been opened, and we then commenced to give him three Pills in two hours, or at the rate of one and a half per hour. When this child of 15 months had taken 13 Pills, they operated, and most fully. THE STOOLS WERE BLACK AS PITCH, and MOST OFFENSIVE. Every one was satisfied that it was DEATH and MORTIFIED MATTER which the Pills had brought away, and that the Pills had saved another life through the Providence of God.

In an hour after the pills commenced to operate, he began to revive, and took some refreshment. He continued to improve until he got well. He is not marked with the disease. It seems proper to state that, though it took thirteen pills to open his bowels, yet two days after he had a full natural evacuation without medicine, and his bowels have been regular up to this day, which is nearly nine months from the time of his sickness, nor has he used a pill since. He is a lively, intelligent and healthy boy as can be seen. His parents will ever be grateful to you, and they and myself and wife desire you to publish this letter, which, if need be, can be certified by all the residents of this and the adjoining towns.

I am, very respectfully yours, DANIEL BISSELL.
For many years Supervisor of the Town.

We certify to the truth of the above:
(Signed) POLLY BISSEL.
ALONZO WETHERBEE. MARY WETHERBEE.
RUSSELL ROOT, Postmaster, Schroon River.
ERASTUS P. ROOT.
THOMAS R. CARRY, Justice of the Peace, Town of Long Lake.
CYRUS H. KELLOG, Supervisor of Town of Long Lake, 1860.
WILLIAM WOOD, Commissioner of Roads, Town of Long Lake.
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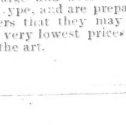

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MRS. ROSS AT THE CONTINENTAL HOTEL, PHILADELPHIA.

EPISTLE 11TH.

September 16th, 1861.

MR. VANITY:—Mis BISSEL, and SAMUEL, and I, got ter this house last night. How we got here Ile due my best ter tell ye. Ive hearn JAMES SPENCER tell about his takin the night-mare trip from New York ter Washington; and ef this aint a touch ont, then I aint no judge. I thought I was goin to Jerico gittin down ter the Amboy boat. It raly seemed as ef we did run agin every nation of this earth, by the giberage we heard, and the make of the fokeses countenances. And sich a jam of teams, and carts, and barrows, and orange women, and then ter hev ter pick out abodys trunks amongst sich a stack on um, it was distractin. Laud a massy! fokes was a runnin every which way with paint pots, and ile jugs, and infant childern, and what not. I was teribly nettled for fear I shoult git my close dab'ed with theyr truck. Wal, we got onter the boat, and Mis BISSEL and I got a sopha seat made jest like the letter S. Sich a contrivance for comfort; so a body could set and talk along with theyr partner face ter face: without gittin a crick in theyr necks, and theyr eyes crost. SAMUEL went up on the ruff of the boat, (he is alus arnest ter see all that's goin.) Mis BISSEL sot readin the *Herald*, as easy as Tilly. (That's her Psalter,) and I sot jest gazin at the human kind around me. Sich a crowd of childern as theyr was, tricked off with laces, ribbins, and flowers; and theyr coats ruffled up ter the nines, with needle work, fit for Queen VICTORY'S childern. And they was a stoffin themselves with oranges, peanuts, gingerbred, and candy, and peppermints, and the esance of the hul ont was a runnin down afore um, spilin every thing they hed on um. I spose theyr mothers could afford it. Theyr hands lookd as ef they worked amazin hard for theyr money. Theys one thing ter be sed; lettin childern stuff themselves in this fashion, helps drive the traders in Worm Lossingers. Wal, we rid on the boat till my stumach was jest enough rild up, ter make me wanter go ter bed, when we cum plump up agin a landin; and hed orders ter show our tickets and take our seats in the cars. We got out on the boat, and got inter the cars arter a good deal of squeasin, and punching. Fokes dident seem very glad ter see us. They sot as ef theyd hed orders from the President of the road ter take up all the room they cood. Theyr was men, (who showd theyr tailors hed done theyr best ter make um look like gentlemen,) they kept theyr mortal body's on one seat, and theyr great coats and feet on tother, and dident move a peg. And theyr was women a sittin as sociable as tabby cats in the sun, a facin one another and kiverin up two seats. I walked along and kept a lookin both sides on me, and theyr was another seat took up in the same way. Nobody seemed consarned about me, I got clost ter the door, I know I look kinder emplorin like. But not a mortal took the hint that I was as old as both on um, and I was a standin up, and they was kiverin two seats. Finally I spoke, sed I bleve fokes dont jineraly pay but for one seat apiece in these cars. And that fetched them ter theyr sences. And they riz and whapped over the backs of theyr seats, and afore Mis BISSEL and I got farely sot down the car fetched a jark, and started with a ker who! and ker whang!

Mis BISSEL, Ile say for her, stands for the flag of Washington: and keeps her ears and eyes open. Ef she hears a voice raized agin the Union she's up. She watches fokes trunks, and ef she sees a trunk marked from the sutherd, she keeps um in her mind. Some fokes settin back on us, sed she Mis Ross, are from the rebbel State, a plenty loud enough for them ter hear, ef the cars hadent a jumpt and clatterd like a shingle mill. Sed I, Mis BISSEL, (I gin her a nudge,) I don't bleve in talkin at fokes, taint no way of doin things; its like shootin your man behind trees, Injin fashion. Ef you did a thing like that, sed I, afore my gransire, (him I told you on who lost his eye in the Bennington fight,) I guess youd see that one eye of hissen, take the bissness of two eyes, ef he woodent give you a look that wood last you from——Christmas ter Easter, I dont answer ter the name of MEHITABEL ROSS. I tell you her dander was up, and she gin her hoops a hich which made um ean jest fly up scarce enough ter break the winder. SAMUEL looked up off of his book he was readin, as much as ter say granma, youl say your say if you die fort. The car stopt and in splurged a little gal with her hans full of flowers and a basket of peaches on her arms, and her bonnet off of her head, and her cloak flyin, I fixd her up and pind her cloak, and out she popt at the next station. Laud a massy! how fokes ken visit one another, sed I, to Mis BISSEL what a shame we ever hed a war. But fokes are so strong headed theyd dye ef they coodent hev a hubbub once in a while. Mis BISSEL was riled, and as mum as a mouse in a meal-bag. So we rid along as silent as nite and put out and tuck in fokes and sich at every station. I gin my attention ter kinder fixin myself up ter go ter the city. I ken be sociable, and I ken be silent, but I can't hold anger, the fust three minits. But theyrs one thing I've noticed all my life that fokes that are alus redy ter check other people and ter give theyr advice, are sure ter be huffy ef you take the same liberty with um. Wal, as my man JEDEDIAH says it's a poor rule that wont work both ways. But ef a body will take my advice theyl keep theyr council till its asked for. The cars stopt and big and little hust'ed out. Wal, here was another jam! It made me think of stuffin sausengers with a spoon, and the laud a massy! If we want squatin a body inter darkness and danger, it makes me crawl all over to think ont. Mis BISSEL raly saved my breakin every bone in my body. Bein in sich a jam,—I was so took up with keepin my hoops under subjection, and my eyes on Mis BISSEL streked shawl, and the button on the side of SAMUEL'S cap, I cum within an inch of going kersplash inter a rail-channel forty foot below where I and the crowd of humans stood. Not a mortal thing ter keep you from fallin over, and nothin ter ketch at. Land sake twas wus than hevin your foot slip on a burch mountain, where every other tree you take holt on ter save yourself will pull up root and branch like a toad stool. I bugged along all in a maze inter another yard as I thought, for it was all alive with people. But twant long afore I found I was in a steamboat, and the fresh air dun me good. Wal, I jest got ter feelin putty wal satisfied with the sailin on the river, when we fetched up ter another landin. And sich a mess of mad caps as fokes seemed ter me. And sich a ruff lookin set of drivers, so fierce ter take you ter your place of destiny, never cum arter nobody. Wal, we got a man that sed hed take us ter the Continental in no time. Wal, we bleved him; and gin him our checks, and he put us inter his *hack*. (Its a blessed good name for the go cart.) And off went the Continental carriage, name and all ont, so a body needent be afeard of bein card off. Sed Mis BISSEL du you see what has cum of your givin that jackass your checks. Wal I do, sed I kinder down. And there we sot, and sot, and sot. Mis BISSEL was clean distracted fore we started. Wal, we got ter the hotel, and rit our names down, and went up two flight of stairs, and got off our bonnets, and the out side dust, and walked down stairs, and we was bowd inter the tea room by a dark complect man, with bright eyes and notted hair, and ef we dident hev a snappin cup of tea, and Continental shugar dishes, and cream jugs. Continental seems ter be the name for every new thing. I had bank notes, and Ive bin on a steamboat with the same name. I raly hope theyl all turn out better than the old time money that hed that name in my gransire days. I never took sich a shine ter things in my life. The name was put on um in gold. Wal, we

did revel in peaches and cream, and everything was as nice as span new; and when I riz up from that table, sed I, ef twant for them long stairs Ide go strate ter bed. When a perlite sandy complect man heard me, sed, wont you take a seat here, I lookd in, I see it

A HORRID MONSTER.

THIS IS THE SANGUINARY BEGGS, WHO OBSERVED TO HIS WIFE, IN PRESENCE OF HER "COUSIN IN THE ARMY," THAT HE HOPED THE WAR WOULD BE A FATAL ONE TO OFFICERS, AS IN THAT EVENT THERE WOULD BE PEACE FOR HONEST FOLKS.

See Saw.

The people see Mr. SHANLY'S CINDERELLA quite clearly, even with the nude eye. We do not know whether or not it is because fratricidal war has reduced them to the level of penury and hard labor, but we are bound to say that latterly we have heard several ladies and gentleman of supposed good social standing make this startling assertion:

"I Saw Wood at Winter Garden."

The Right Horse in the Right Place.

From Canada papers we learn that, among other materials and stores of war, "a large number of *chevaux de frise* have been shipped at Woolwich, for Quebec."

Now, literally, and apart from its military significance, the term *chevaux de frise* means Friesland horses—animals which ought to be very well adapted for the latitude of the Freezeland in which Quebec is situated.

Which Nobody Can Deny.

One can't see, exactly, why a pugilist should make heavier sacrifices to the pawnbroker than any one else, and yet it is a notorious fact, that while some people occasionally "put up" their jewelry and things, the Member of the P. R. is continually Putting Up his Hands.

Commercial Theology.

"If you don't believe in Miracles," said the Divinity-student to the spiritualist, "how do you account for the escape of the prophet DANIEL, unhurt, from the lion's den?"

"O," interrupted X., "they knew it was bad policy for them to eat up their Profits!"

lookd like a snug bed-room, seats on two sides and a odd lookin beam runnin throot, so I sot down, and mass. I heard a noise like a colt goin over our river bridge, and the fust thing I knowd the chambers seemed ter be a cummin down ter me, I opend my eyes I was scart, I felt pale I ken tell you. Sed I, what now? sed the man theyrs nothing ter be afeard on, youre a goin ter your floor on the Elevater.

Your obedient servent,

MEHITABEL ROSS.

P. S.—Ime bound ter tell you a story next week, rite ter the pint. M. R.

NO. 2. CAMPAIGNING.

"THE BIVOUAC."

The Bivouac is conducted upon the cheap Boarding principle, exemplified by market-house and cellar-door lodgers, and like public characters who figure upon the public Boards. While the one escapes from the damp ground by the cellar door, the soldier, after all his troubles, is incumbent at length upon his mother earth. It is not to be presumed, however, because he is thus summarily sent to grass, his life is one of clover—nor that his bed is agreeable because it is of Down.

In Bivouac his arms are close to Hand—his Knapsack at his Back—his sword at his Side,—thus he sleeps, dreaming on his thorny couch, of the day when he may rest upon his laurels. If it rains, his lot is particularly unpleasant. He gets his Duck in spite of the absence of his tent. This is enough to dampen the last spark of his enthusiasm. The poetry of war degenerates into mere Bathos at once. His Bowl of trouble always so nearly full, needs not these additional drops.

To lighten his lot he is allowed a fire. But even this is dispensed with when there is probable warm work with the enemy. And when granted he must first chop the wood himself. A which tedious occupation, it is strange, if he does not think more than once of cutting his stick.

The men lie around the fire, telling stories, or talking in their cups—of coffee, drop upon the earth—the Land of Nod. For to steal a march upon Nature is often as necessary as to perform the same feat upon the enemy. If his sleep is too profound it may end gravely with him. A good soldier should never be caught napping though he slumbers ever so deep.

If surprised in Bivouac, he springs to his feet, arranges his accoutrements, seizes his Firelock and falls promptly into his place of Battle. All of which having to be done in a moment, is stated in the military dictionary—for short—"Standing to Arms." If the alarm prove to be a false one, which is very likely, the recruit failing to come to Blows may resume his attentions to Nox. He will at the same time take philosophically the Wet Blanket thus thrown upon his Zeal. If the alarms are not sufficiently numerous to keep the soldier well disturbed, or as the saying goes, "wide-awake," no doubt the call of the Guard or a stumbling comrade will do all that is necessary. Thus the stirring incidents of a soldier's life are not all gathered in his battles.

Cavalry must see to the Housings of their horses, before taking care of themselves. Their horses remain saddled all night, and so do they—with a watchful responsibility. As they may be compelled "To Boot," on the instant the do not divest themselves of their clothes. In fact they need them, for the Clouds are hardly close enough for a night cover. Yet it is everything to get used to exposure and even a solid repose upon the ground can be come at *at last*, let the soldier bear that in mind.

A Bivouac is one of the unpleasant features of a campaign—but the soldier is recommended to make the most of it—a matter one would think quite bad enough as it is.

The Long and the Short of It.

We suppose the war has carried off all the tall men. At all events we never saw so many "shorts" men around as at present.

From V. F.'s Almanac for the use of General Lane's forces in Missouri.

"September.—Early in this month look out for General RAINS!"

HARDEE MADE EASY.

CATCHING ostriches for the saddle, however, as referred to in our last, would be an expensive process here; unless, indeed, it could be done by prison labor at Fort Lafayette, where the government is maintaining so many idlers who were lately occupied in hatching treason.

We must reject the ostrich, therefore, and decline to recognise any other kind of hatching than that so familiar to our artists and engravers. Incubation with such an incubus as war brooding over us, is a cock that would not fight, just now, and it must not be encouraged.

Let us pass on to the camel, already referred to as a creature capable of being converted to the purpose of a charger for the dragoon.

The Arab lancer fights from the back of this animal, as he might from a tower endowed with the ability of doing its mile in a trifle over two minutes at a good round trot. When he wants to shoot, he throws up an embankment by throwing down his camel, from behind the hump of which he pours forth a murderous fire upon the foe. Mounted upon his lofty charger, he is the terror of the gorilla, the hippopotamus, the cayman, and the other hostile tribes of the teeming desert. It is to the warning cry of these—especially of the hippopotamus—that we are indebted for the charming Scottish melody "The Campbells are coming:" for harmony is cultivated even among the denizens of the wilderness; as anybody who must have observed who has inspected BARNUM's Happy Family in their Unitary Home at the Museum.

Should government decide on mounting a regiment of lancers upon camels, the principal difficulty will be in providing the animal, which has gone out of the Union with Texas and Alabama. This is of the less consequence, however, because a camel-jockey from the latter district informs us that the best food for the camel is hay made while the sun shines—a sort of provender with which government does not appear to be overstocked, at present.

Lancers must be had, though, even if we have to go to EATON STONE for buffaloes to mount them on. As yet, this arm of cavalry has figured but once in the present war, and that with a result favorable to the loyal forces, as may be seen by the following extract:

"Another messenger from Sidalia brings information that Dr. JAMISON, the Kansas Jay-hawker, with a small force from that State, had fallen upon a party of five hundred rebels, under the notorious Dr. STAPLES, and completely routed them and killed their leader."

From this it appears that there were Lancers engaged on both sides, and that our one had the best of it.

As we write, we are informed that a regiment of Cossack Lancers is about to be raised by some officer who has experienced that kind of service. This is right. It was the brave Cossacks who gave rise to the expression "Give him the 'sack," as applied to getting rid of an obnoxious person. They were first-rate horse-breakers in the riding-school, too, as their principal diet was Train oil.

Despotism before the Curtain.

The friends of Mr. A. H. DAVENPORT would probably have pleased that gentleman more if they had not attempted to bully the audience that assembled at the Winter Garden on the night of his re-appearance. The "Gag" system is always held in abhorrence by every actor worthy of the name.

TWO PICTURES.

(FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE NEW YORK PRESS.)

The enlightenment of the Rebel press is really refreshing. How admirably their correspondents keep them posted on our Northern affairs? Why will *our* daily journals persist in publishing such stupendous falsehoods as to the financial and general hopefulness in our cities, when even away down in Savannah and New Orleans they know so much better how we are coming on. Positively, now, you *Herald*, and *Times*, and *Tribune*, and other New York dailies, how can you have the effrontery to gull us who live actually among you—yes! in the very city you profess to give us the business and other news of—how can you be so barefaced as to tell us that we are "looking up," that we are encouraged, that we are cheerful, that we have the wherewith to eat, drink, clothe ourselves, and even to be amused withal, when the far off Rebels know so plainly the terrible contrary. Just look now, yourselves, over the two pictures sketched in the paragraphs below, and tell us how you could have done so.

EXTRACTS FROM NEW YORK PAPERS OF SEP. 1, 2, 3, &c., &c.

"There is a decided improvement in general business. Houses recently much depressed are selling large amounts to ready buyers, for cash or short credits."...."The stock market this morning was very active. Supply continues abundant, with steady upward tendency."...."The Banks promptly responded to Sec. CHASE'S call for additional instalment on recent loan."...."The dramatic season bids fair to be a brilliant one..WALLACK is about to open his new theatre with a grand sensation play..LAURA KEENE follows suit with another..The ubiquitous ULLMAN promises extraordinary things at the Academy....&c., &c.," &c., &c.

EXTRACTS FROM LATE SAVANNAH AND NEW ORLEANS PAPERS.

"The wealth of the North is a sham, consisting only in railways manufactories, &c., which looks imposing on paper, but is of little value in providing means for the war."..."The people of the North have no money, and if they had they would not lend any to such a rickety Government."...."The distress of New York City is without a parallel. Goods can be bought at your own prices, and most of the stores are either closed or preparing to close."...."Scores of clerks have been discharged, and it is not an unusual thing to meet with well-dressed young men who will thank you for a loaf of bread."...."The shipping lies idle at the wharves. No goods are being imported or exported."....All places of public amusement are closed....And the entire city wears an aspect of funereal gloom and cheerlessness."

There! gentlemen! gaze upon this picture, and then upon that! And confess to your shame, how far better posted are the distant Rebels than yourselves on the "funereal aspect" of your own city. Have *you* not been "thanked for a loaf" by "well-dressed young men," yet? If you haven't you ought to have been, we feel confident.

But where's the use of our wasting words on you? You won't heed us. You *won't* see the "idle shipping," nor the "closed theatres," nor the "sham wealth," nor the penniless citizens, nor the loafless "well-dressed young men," nor the "funereal aspect of gloom" in your own city. Of course you won't! You'll go on publishing the same cheerful accounts day by day, to aggravate our feelings, and cause us to blush for your infatuation. So, we merely say, in a warning manner to you, go on, that's all!

A Running Rhyme by Mother Goose.

There's an army of Rebels, and what do you think?
They live upon nothing but whiskey and drink:
Whiskey and drink are their principal diet,
Yet their tongues and their legs they can never keep quiet!

A Disputed Title.

A correspondent wants to know who the present King of Ashantee is. We are unable to answer this question with any accuracy for we understand that in Ireland nearly every member of the "pisintry" considers himself a King of A Shanty.

By the Way.

Captain.—I say, Major, why is the water of this creek like Mercy?

Major.—Because it's so scarce in the camp, eh?

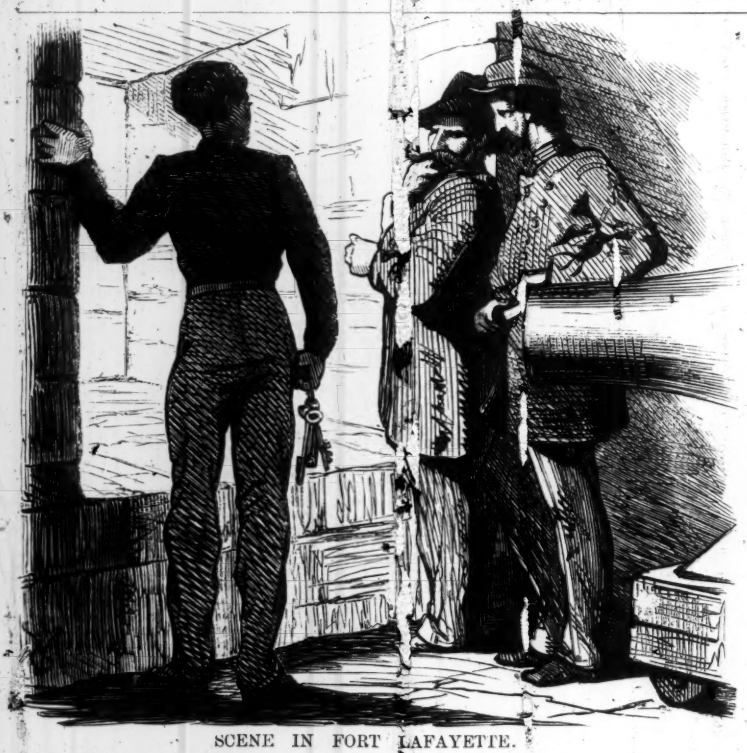
Captain.—No; because it's *quality is not strained.* Hem, SHAKESPEARE!

Fox Hunters' Law.

Lex Tally-ho-nis.

Motto for an Army-Tailor.

Let her rip!



SCENE IN FORT LAFAYETTE.

Rebel Prisoner.—ORDERLY, WHAT ISLAND IS THAT OFF THERE?

Orderly.—GIBBETT ISLAND, SIR.

R. P.—A'HEM! I DON'T THINK THE PROSPECT IS AS FINE AS THAT FROM SUMTER.

AN EPISTLE TO THE LONDON TIMES.

NEW YORK, 1861.

To the London Times:—A Friend said to me the other day, "Why, what does England think? Is it she, stretching out her arms to grasp the four corners of the globe that accuses us of rapacity? Was the rest of the world made only as a market and a garden for her? Does she owe no debt to Civilization, or does she not mean to pay it? Are all principles of justice, all her professions of superior virtue, all considerations of national comity and good faith to go for nothing against her magic phrase, 'Our Interests?'" I observed that my friend seemed indignant, and I said nothing. I could not answer his question, can you?

We wanted to forget that we have ever been enemies, but you want to make it impossible. Yet we cannot forget—have you forgotten? that we picked up and gave you the *Resolute;* that we sent live men after dead ones—has Lady FRANKLIN forgotten? Who rejoiced most at the relief of Lucknow when you had a rebellion, which of course was not secession? Our arms staid at home, but were not our hearts at the Crimea? Did we sell our sympathy, or did you receive it as something due you on account? How we mistook and wronged you in not knowing you better! No pulse beats along the dead Cable, but we foolishly thought we had knit another chain between us and you which no storm could break, and it did pain us some to see it snap—for we are soft yet—but we understand each other better now. We looked for England's heart everywhere but in the right place, and never thought to search the vaults of your Bank. We supposed we knew the Lion but we find we have been entirely mistaken in the beast.

Children and fools speak the truth. In this view it must be confessed, (however, it might be questioned on other accounts,) that you are neither child nor fool.

I have heard men wonder why, after having lost our respect, you insist on having our contempt. They say that scoffs and sneers generally imply that one has lost influence or has no more commanding weapons. Do people who have the best of an argument lose their temper, or do boys throw mud at each other while they have anything harder within reach? Quibbling persons will be proposing this dilemma to you: You say a monarchy is the only practicable form of government, and that democracy will surely rack itself to pieces. If this is true and you believe it, why don't you hold off patiently and see democracy do so? If it is not true, are you then on the side of something not self-government, something opposed to Progress and Civilization? Everybody acknowledges that democracy is on its trial, but some think you a little hasty in burying the corpse before it has stopped struggling. I fear they will also think that, after having assumed that our nation was going to pieces, you may possibly feel secretly irritated because it don't.

I have been pained to see what a continual trouble we have been to you. All your writers have felt constrained to show us up; we had no manners, no decencies at table, no language, no literature. Some strange attraction drew you, O *Times*, again and again to American affairs. To be sure, your statements of geography, history, chronology, and fact differed somewhat from that laid down in the books; but no critic can find any impropriety in this, for all writers on Rhetoric agree in saying that the preacher should never display any knowledge above that of his hearers. How many times you have settled The American Question, and yet it never would stay settled! If you will wait patiently you may see it settled now, and so that it will stay. I admire the *naiveté* with which you say it would be for England's advantage to have the United States broken up into small powers. There can be no doubt that we should swallow rather easier so.

You are sublime, great newspaper. Human nature's daily food won't answer your superhuman size; you swallow your own offspring in perfect unconsciousness, eat your own files with no remonstrance from your palate. We have one journal here that beats all at turning corners, but the serenity of your changes is like nothing but Nature herself. The wind blows South one day just as lazily as though it had not blown North the day before.

It is true we have not gone into Philanthropy so extensively as your nation has; we haven't brought it to a paying condition yet. But still we do a little in that line; there can be no more doubt that we opened Japan and paid the Ambassadors' bills solely for the sake of Christianizing that island, than that the East India Company was a band of missionaries from the start. For one, I don't sympathize with persons who say that you bemoaned our sins to hide your own; that your eyes looked so long at the heathen over here that you got too far-sighted to see Juggernaut at home; and that in your great stature you couldn't see where you set your feet down and so crushed some little squalling vagabonds pulling at your knees. Suffering is very sad, to be sure; it is distressing to be in pain,—but I can't blame you, for all philanthropists and essayists on morals say that individuals must be forgotten when nations are considered.

If I sinned in writing to you at all I have not made it worse by doing it again. I don't make any apology, and even if I should write another letter you must set it down to the score of my extravagant admiration. My profession is humor—I deal in jokes—but you have surpassed me lately at my own trade, and I pale my little candle before your sun. Yet I feel no envy, and my delight at your splendor takes away the smart of being beaten. I did stand in secret awe of you, but I don't now. You used to be at an immense distance, and I wondered at the utterances which I never dared to comprehend; but now, dear *Times*—pardon the title—you have come nearer, and I touch you and find you human. Others may say what they please about you, but I shall cry, *Plaudite!* Even in this day of wonders and short turns, it could hardly be expected that I should keep back the feeble tribute of my admiration when HAMLET changes clothes with YORICK, and the Teacher descends to play the Clown.

Vanity Fair.

Dressed to Kill.

The Red-legged Devils.

THE GOOD FOR NOTHING.

NAN.....QUEEN OF SPAIN. TOM DIBBLES.....WM. H. SEWARD.

TOM DIBBLES.—COME HERE! IT'S NOW HIGH TIME THERE SHOULD BE SOMETHING SETTLED WITH YOU; THERE MUST BE AN END TO ALL THIS—AND, THOUGH I MEAN ONLY TO TALK LIKE A FATHER TO YOU, YOU MUS'N'T THINK I'M NOT ANGRY, BECAUSE I AM; AND, FOR THE FUTURE IT'S FIT YOU SHOULD KNOW, THE MORE GENTLY I SPEAK THE MORE I MEAN WHAT I SAY. SO NOW, I ASK YOU CALMLY, WHAT THE DEVIL HAVE YOU BEEN DOING.

SLANG AMONG THE PRUDES.

Boston has fallen, is falling, or will soon fall from grace. O city of the past! we are exercised about you and yours. We have ever been taught to look for nothing from you but what smacked of refinement, dignity, and elegance. Your writers we have always esteemed prudes—your critics in particular sublimates, or sublimatists, if you like that better. And now it appears all this is not so, or will not be so long; for the introduction of slang has obtained among your high-toned literati. Listen to the "Gossip" of the *Musical Times:* "Rouget de Lisle wrote the thrilling words of the Marseillaise, if he did prig the music." This be burglarious verily. Next we shall see the Keynote alluded to as the "jimmy" note, while the occasional sharp will be designated as a "steerer," and the flat as a "muff." Again, the "foreign" Elitor of the same æsthetic journal exclaims in a familiar sort of way, out loud in public, "Good bye, Colson, dear! you're a charming creature, and we've delighted in you for several years, and you should'nt mind what the grouty *Athenæum* says."

"Grouty *Athenæum*," is certainly very felicitous; pray, where did the "foreign" man "prig" his education and manners. In the same column with the foregoing we find that "The Duchess of Wellington is giving concerts at Apsley House to the Nobs and Nobbesses." Next week it will probably be announced that the Empress Eugenie has been to the opera with a few of the Old Imperial "Cove's Pals," and that the latter "grubbed" with her, after the performance, at the Royal "crib."

If such is to be the musical literature of the future, we would respectfully suggest to the subscribers of the Boston *Musical Times* to procure, without delay, copies of Matsell's Rogue's Dictionary, as they will prove quite Toodlesy—"handy to have in the house."

News from the South.

An intelligent Irishman recently from Richmond contradicts the report that the rebels are in want of provisions.

He says that they have everything to eat in abundance: to use his expression "even the naygurs get lashins." He says moreover that although many men in the South have found it difficult to save their Bacon, there is still abundance of Gammon and plenty of Corn and Rye (in a liquid state,) and they have as much bread as they need. As for vegetables, Beets are very plentiful especially on the Rich Mountain Lands, and Turnips turn up better than was expected. The grape crop is also large. The Wheat is not so good, and the Louisiana Wheat has been nearly destroyed by the Army Slug. The I. I. begs to return his thanks to the kind Virginians, who finding him in a State of Destitution benevolently provided him with several coats (of Tar and Feathers,) and a free passage North by rail.

Observations on the Dry Tortugas.

Tiles are more plentiful than Bricks in the Dry Tortugas. The inhabitants of that lovely retreat, for instance, are Gen-tiles, and their houses are covered with Rep-tiles. Cas-tile soap was stated by some travellers to be in common use among these people, for purposes of ablution; but this illusion has been dispelled by later investigators, who have ascertained that they do not wash themselves at all; and, as they have no clothes, soap, of course, would be superfluous. Finally, although the soil of the Dry Tortugas is not Fer-tile, yet the climate is Hos-tile. It would be just the place for ex-President TYLER.

Doing the Correct Thing.

In view of his really marvellous performances, V. F. suggests a new title for HERRMANN—one which is more appropriate than his present one, and which you need not get on a step-ladder to pronounce: let him be known as the Prodigioustateur!

Can't be Beat.

A drummer in the Fifth Ohio Regiment has a drum which was carried by his father in the Mexican war, and by his grandfather in the Revolutionary campaign.

The only objection we have to such a drum is, that it would not be easy to Beat.

A Fowl Joke.

The Duck gun, which used to be so much relied on for long shots, seems to be "nowhere" in comparison with the Parrot gun, which made ducks and drakes of the rebels, in the affair at Lewinburg.

PREPARE FOR DEFEAT.

(A monologue by the Charleston Courier.)

"We should prepare for defeat. In the confidence of our might and courage, this admonition may appear unnecessary, and, in calling to mind the disgraceful behaviour of our enemies in recent battles, it may strike us as ridiculous. But it is a needful and wholesome caution, and we urge it with sincerity and earnestness."—*Charleston Courier.*

Considering all our courage and might,
The glory we've proved in the field,
'Tis stupid to think Northern vandals can fight
Against us; but still—we *may* yet have to yield,
So—let us prepare for defeat.

With DAVIS and PILLOW, great BRAGG, little WISE,
And BEAUREGARD—names to appal—
Who says we can't whip 'em, is guilty of lies;
But—hang it!—MCCLELLAN's no fool after all;
Dear friends, let's prepare for defeat.

'Tis nonsense for greasy mechanics to stand
Where Chivalry's heroes appear,
We'll mow them like grass, from the face of our land;
But still—that affair at St. George appears queer,
Therefore—let's prepare for defeat.

What though our brave boys are unpaid—not a rag
To clothe them—nor shoes to their feet,
The better they'll stand by our glorious flag!
But then—fellows fighting, with nothing to eat,
Had better prepare for defeat.

One Southron can whip, any time, five "mudsills;"
Of course every booby knows that;
But then they have ugly hard fists and strong wills.
In short, gentle reader, we just tell you what;
We ought to prepare for defeat.

That now we could plant our bright flag, in a trice,
O'er Washington, nobody fears;
But yet, at the same time, it wouldn't be nice
To see Charleston tumbling about peoples' ears!
No—no—let's prepare for defeat!

"Kilt—Entirely!"

Describing a curious snake, lately killed somewhere in Westchester County, a local paper says that the reptile, "when scotched, was a bright transparent green."

Now, it strikes us that, had the snake been properly Scotched, it should have been tartar, not green—particularly as the term "Scotched" is equivalent to the Irish one "Kilt."

Alimentary Aphorism.

There is more poetry in vegetable than in animal nature. For instance, the vegetarian is poetical when he alludes to his mistress as the Apple of his Eye, while the consumer of immature beef would be worse than prosy if he compared the object of his affections to the Calf of his leg.

Abraham's Latest.

"We must rush the Ship of State along now," said the President, excitedly.

"Why so?" inquired the calm and dignified CHASE.

"Because," said ABRAHAM, winking his eye, "since I got that noble despatch from Prince GORTCHAKOFF, I feel obliged to Rush-her."

Their Skins shall be Tanned.

It is said that the Rebels are in great want of Leather. We don't know about other varieties, but if they will hold on till we are ready, we will furnish them with plenty of Belting!

Our Notion of It.

We wish that all newspaper subscribers would do just as the War Department does with volunteers . . . only take those that Go In for the War.

The Heart of the Andies.

ANDY JOHNSON of Tennessee.

THE BLITHE BONDSMAN.

O, I'm a Rebel Prisoner
  Detained in Washington,
And a better lot than that, I think,
  The sun ne'er shone upon.

I have my horse and carriage,
  I have the liberty
To go and come, this side the lines,
  As may s-em good to me.

The ladies come to see me,
  Each day that passes by;
They bring me brandy and champagne,
  Whenever I get dry.

The finest fruits in market,
  The meats that most I prize,
Are sent me in abundant store,
  By those who "sympathize."

Alas! for those poor devils,
  We rebels chanced to seize
Upon that bloody afternoon,
  Beneath Manassas' trees;

They do not fare, at Richmond,
  As I am faring here,
For in the rebel country, all
  The means of life are dear.

And even were they plenty,
  No one would ever dare
To show a Union sympathy
  With captured soldiers there.

So stick to your position,
  O, Federal Cabinet!
Exchange no prisoners, for I
  Am quite contented yet!

'Tis true they made exchanges
  When Britain drank the lees
Of Revolution's bitter cup
  In these, her colonies;

But now, the world is wiser,
  And Government prefers
Having her patriots rot in jail
  To changing prisoners.

Well, go your gait—I'm happy,
  And cannot well complain
Of liberty, and sympathy,
  And plenty of champagne!

"THE GLASS OF FASHION."

Notwithstanding the turbid condition of the public mind, which War still holds, as it were, with an army of preoccupation, clothes are not going to be dispensed with for the present. Rather the reverse, indeed: there appears to be a Uniform tendency in raiment to be copious, gorgeous, and military. War-paint, in its modified form of cobalt-colored flannel, streaks the flexible face of Broadway with wavy azure. What, now, of the sarcastic recommendation to the romancer—"Tell that to the Marines? You couldn't do it: there is not a marine to the square mile; because all are Ultramarines, now, and every second man you meet looks as if he were rampaging around at a fancy ball, in the character of Gainsborough's Blue Boy on a bender. Dyer War has been and gone and done this; coloring with its blue stuff a nation by no means likely to dye of its own accord, but one which is justified, nevertheless, in falling into a fit of the blues at present, under the pressure of temporary grief.

Even in clothes, how remarkable is the tendency of war to develope hidden things, and bring them to the surface! See how under-clothing prevails, at present, over the face triumphant broadcloth!—the flannel formerly aired only on the hebdomadal, or semi-monthly, clothesline, as the case might have been, now boldly absorbing the gladsome rays of the sun, instead of the corporeal moisture for the promotion of which it is so generally recommended by the medicine-men of the Pale Faces.

Foreigners—French persons in particular—are very observant in matters of costume. Prince Napoleon, sitting with the writer of this article on Wyckoff's verandah, at Coney Island, one pleasant day last August, remarked the dressy appearance of the male bathers. "*C'est drole!*" exclaimed he, as a heavy swell rolled in from sea-ward toward the surf-lashed beach—"*C'est drole!* but that fellow, there, dresses exactly as they do in your Broadway, all blue flannel and straw hat!"

Certainly, *la noblesse oblige*: but, notwithstanding the principle involved in that proverb, there are those to whom the condescension of princes is but as pigeon's milk in a sieve. To "see it," when a possible emperor becomes familiar, is not a weakness of the present writer, who, fired at the Prince's reflection upon his national all-wool, retorted:

"Partly true, miloro Prince; but don't you go and write to the *Opinion Nationale*, saying that not only are the people of America mere Hewers of Wood, but that their fashionable young men get themselves up in Drawers of Water."

The Prince said he wouldn't do it, and the writer and he are still friends.

But what do we read as a fashion plate is unfolded before us? That a *burnous*—sacred appendage to ladies' shoulders, may now be made of flannel, with military trimmings; and so may a *basque*.

Basque ever thus, in the sun of Broadway, ladies dear! If you will be military, here is a little idea for the next *bal costumé*. "Ambulance" should be benevolent and attractive, her mission being to take up subscriptions for the families of those who suffer in the war.

Design for a new Fancy Ball character, suggested by the War Wagons in the Park.

Comparative Greatness.

Speaking about supposed changes in the leadership of the Southern Confederacy, the *Herald* says:

"Stephens, we apprehend, is no better qualified for the dictatorship, than is Horace Greeley to stand in the shoes of General Scott.

Rarely has comparative size been brought more vividly before our mind than in the above paragraph: Horace Greeley standing two feet in the very shoes in which General Scott stands six feet six inches!

Not to be Expected.

Jones wonders how Mrs. Jones can be so unreasonable as to expect a person, (possibly Jones) to "Be up with the Lark," after being Up with the Mosquitoes till four A. M.

POLICE.

A singular looking man was taken into custody, yesterday, in Cherry Street, on a charge of conduct quite too riotous and unseemly even for that locality. He was dressed in a sea-going costume, such as that generally worn by the bold mariner of the melo-dramatic forecastle. Blue jacket and trousers, over a long white coat, gave him an exceedingly grotesque appearance, aided, or rather aggravated, by a small tarpaulin hat, perched in a jaunty way on the back of a common old beaver, from beneath which his hair streamed wildly upon the S. W. by S. wind. When arrested, this odd character was dancing a sailor's horupipe, with great seriousness, upon the side-walk, accompanying his angular movements with a torrent of marine invectives not to be found in Webster's dictionary, although a copy of that work was found in his tobacco bag. A disposition to mob him was displayed by some sailors from the neighboring boarding-houses, on account of the reckless and unmeaning manner in which he alluded to naval architecture—hallooing about "shivering his timbers" when they wanted him to "splice the mainbrace," a phrase which he did not, or would not, understand. On being taken to the Essex Market Police Court, he refused to give his name, but stated that he was the Senior Editor of the *Tribune*, and had adopted his present costume for the purpose of picking up, in Cherry Street, such marine language as would enable him to write, intelligibly, on the subject of secret naval expeditions. This explanation, however, was not deemed sufficient by the sitting magistrate, who ordered him to be locked up as a dangerous character; and he was led away, accordingly, singing, "The Ship on Fire," in a cracked falsetto, as he went.

ANTE-MORTEM SKETCHES.

All the dailies a week or two since gave the Arch-Rebel, Jeff Davis, the benefit of the doubt as to his demise, and published lengthy obituary notices of him. As it is barely possible, according to last accounts, that the Rampant and Rampaging President has not as yet gone further South—to warmer though not sunnier climes—these remarks upon his public career may prove valuable to him should chance cast them in his way. This fact suggests to us the propriety of extending the business of Ante-Mortem Notices, so opportunely introduced by the day laborers of journalism, in the hope that the subjects will derive benefit from seeing themselves as other see them.

Accordingly our "Melancholy Intelligence man and Deaths-editor" hands in the following brief articles, trusting that the public will not find them over and above monotonous in certain particulars.

Ben. Wood.

Ben. Wood has drawn his last prize. This estimable man was born, at an early date, of "poor but honest parents" and belonged to the class commonly known as Fellow Citizens. B. W. was widely known as a man not wholly unconnected with the Lottery interest, and who never particularly identified himself with Sunday Schools or Ultra Sanctity. About a year since he entered the political arena through the gate of the third Congressional District and for how he did it, see the papers of that date.

This sudden irruption into public notice is said to have completely floored his modest brother F. W., who naïvely remarked on hearing it that "He had no idea that Benjamin had the confidence necessary to success as a politician"—or something to that effect—an observation that certainly seems applicable to the entire Wood family, whose diffidence is proverbial. That refined and high-toned journal, the *Daily News* was owned by the humble Ben, and served his limited interests pretty well.

Upon the breaking out of the rebellion he became known as one of the few "No Warriors," a white feathered and white livered faction, that died after a two days' exposure to the light of public sentiment.

There may be mourning among creditors and chivalrous Southerners at the demise of one so great, so good, so wise, so what-dye-call-it?—but the "greasy mechanics and mudsills" of the stultified North are delighted at the prospect of his having gone to that

"Burn (or bourne) whence no traveller returns."

Abraham Lincoln.

Abe Lincoln is no more with the living—alas! This honest old American man was, by order of Providence, born of moderately poor but excessively honest parents. Although he did not rely upon a hatchet, like the illustrious George Washington, but was, as he expressed it himself, "Tolerably hefty with his axe," yet he never told a proved lie. Stories, however, he did tell, and on all occasions.

In the fall of 1860 he was chosen by the Greasy Mechanics and Mudsills of the barbarian North, to preside over them in the capacity of Chief Magistrate. This caused the Southern Rebellion, although some say it didn't. The Mechanic thereupon arose in his greasy might and joined hands with his grovelling brother, the Mudsill, to crush this dastardly revolt, and the Federal Army was designated in Virginia as "Old Abe's Truck." The South kept on howling for its rights and bellowing about its wrongs, and the Mudsills and Mechanics clapped their great greasy hands to their lobby ears to drown the deafening noise. Well, the war set in, and the result proved highly instructive to the South, as is very well known.

Mr. Lincoln, although technically an "Honest man" was not, as the inebriated Toodles says in this connection, a "No such thing." He was beloved of "his Truck," the Army, and ever had the confidence and support of the Southrons' detestation—the Mudsill and the Greasy Mechanic.

H. G.

H. G. is abolished from the face of the earth. The *Tribune* weeps, the *Anti-Slavery Standard* mourns. Fred. Douglass wears crape and Wm. H. Fry is composing a requiem. H. G. was, as usual, born of somewhat poor but honest parents, a good while ago. In early manhood he adopted the African Race and took to wearing a series of milk white hats—two dollar hats, with a privilege of exchanging them annually and having them ironed monthly.

He was "first old man" on the *Tribune* for quite a spell, and helped to move McDowell "Onward to Richmond" as far as Bull Run and back.

For every virtue, and they were many, he had a corresponding fault. His love for Seward—sweet William H.—knew no bounds, as the files will show. He meant well oftentimes but seldom did so, and always required looking after. His attempts to blow out the sparks of rebellion and civil war, served only to fan them into wide-spreading flames, much to his apparent dismay. Physically he had a lame trouser just above the left boot leg—and this and that put together made it on the whole, as the gallery often remarks of the actor who does too much for twenty-five cents—"A pity about him!"

J. G. B.

The proprietor of the foregoing initials and the N. Y. *Herald* has called for his coffin and stepped out. The world of journalism feels relieved, the community says ha! ha! As a Scurrillist perhaps J. G. B. was unequalled; as a brazen image he was fine. His career enriched his pocket at the expense of his character and that of the profession he followed only to degrade. A fitting obituary can only be furnished on the day of Judgment, so until then we beg to drop the unwholesome subject of this memoir.

Suicidal Goliahs.

The Chivalry when floored by their own "slings."

Water Tight.

Half seas over.

The "Lay of the Land" in Virginia.

Sloping.